

# Crawford Co. Directory.

## COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff J. P. Hum.  
Clerk O. J. Bell.  
Register O. J. Bell.  
Treasurer Wm. Woodburn.  
Prost. Attorney M. J. Connell.  
Judge of Probate W. Bartterson.  
C. C. Com. M. J. Connell.  
Surveyor A. E. Newman.  
Coroner, W. H. Sherman & M. O. Atwood.

## SUPERVISORS.

Grove Township Wm. G. Johnson.  
Huron River T. E. Hastings.  
Leverett Creek T. E. Hastings.  
Maple Forest P. M. Hoyt.  
Grayling T. M. Hoyt.  
Tartineville J. M. Hoyt.  
Hall Chas. Jackson.  
Center Plains G. W. Love.

## SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH, Reverend G. S. Webb, Pastor Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and past 7 o'clock P. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:15 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 336, F. & A. M., meets in regular communication on Thursday Evening, or on before the full of the moon. Transient members are fraternally invited to attend.

G. M. P. DAVIS, W. M. VANDER See.

# Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

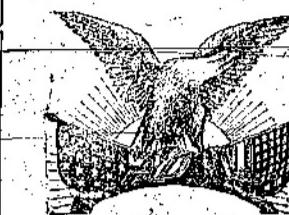
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. VI.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1835.

NO. 49.

## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.



## STATE TICKET.

For Justice of the Supreme Court,  
THOMAS MC COOLEY.

For Regents of the University,  
CHARLES S. DRAPER,  
AARON V. MCALVAY.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MRS. T. W. MITCHELL & CO.,  
Milliner and Dress-makor,  
GRAYLING. — MICH.

Wellington & Swarthout,  
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN OFFICE,  
Andre Block,  
SAGINAW CITY. — MICH.

MAIN J. CONNELL,

Attorney at Law,

GRAYLING, MICH.

F. F. THATCHER, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

GRAYLING, MICH.

Office and residence in the Hospital Building, on Cedar Street.

Grayling House,  
Wild & Wheeler, Proprietors,  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The Grayling House is conveniently situated, being near the depot and business houses are newly built, and furnished throughout in first-class style. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of guests. Fine snapple rooms for commercial travelers.

W. Palmer, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Conveyancing, Payment of Taxes and Purchases and Sale of Real Estate and attached to offices in opposite the Court House, Grayling, Michigan.

OLIVER RAYMOND,  
TONSorial ARTIST,  
GRAYLING, MICH.

Chaining and Hatching done in the latest

corner of Michigan Avenue and Euclid St

June 10, 1835.

A. E. NEWMAN,

COUNTY SURVEYOR,

GRAYLING. — MICH.

Pine timber lands looked after, cor-

rect estimates given, trespasses esti-

mated and collected. Surveying done

in all its branches.

July 10, 1835.

Moshier & Christiansen

PROPRIETORS OF

CITY LIVERY STABLE,

GRAYLING, MICH.

FIRST CLASS RIGS to let of all

hours, at reasonable prices. Hunting parties supplied with complete outfit, consisting of boats, guns, dogs, etc.

Guides furnished, and parties taken

to the hunting grounds at low rates.

O. J. BELL,

GRAYLING, — MICHIGAN,

DEALER IN

FARMING LANDS. Also agent for

Ruford's addition to the Village of

Grayling. Farms and lots sold at rea-

sonable prices, and on terms to suit

purchasers.

July 10, 1835.

N. P. OLSON'S

BILLIARD AND POOL

THE MONARCH

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

For pleasure Wings, Liquors

and all kinds of Games can

be had here.

Detroit News.

Am. Agriculturist.

MADE ENTIRELY BY MACHINERY.

Superior in closeness of fitting and finish to any American make.

The TIEPER CHOKING PROCESS is the only one by which perfect success is assured.

There is nothing equal to them in the market for the money.

For Sale by all first-class dealers, and at wholesale only by

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

Catalogues gratis.

84 & 86 Chambers St. NEW YORK.

## THE AVALANCHE.

Published Every Thursday, at GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, by

O. PALMER.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

FOR ONE YEAR \$1.00  
FOR SIX MONTHS \$0.50  
FOR THREE MONTHS \$0.30

40  
30  
20

## REAL ESTATE

### Pine Lands

### BOUGHT AND SOLD.

### INSURANCE,

### FIRE and LIFE Insurance.

MAIN J. CONNELL,  
Grayling, Mich.

## EASIEST SELLING; BEST SATISFYING

### SEWING MACHINE.

Its introduction and rapid increased reputation was the death blow to high-priced machines.

THERE ARE NO SECOND-HAND WHITE MACHINES IN THE MARKET.

This is a very important matter, as it is well known and understood that the best and best-priced first-class machines which are offered cheap now days those that have been reported that is taken back from customers often used and robust and put upon the market as new.

The White is the peer of any sewing machine.

It is much larger than the family machine.

The White is the peer of any sewing machine.

It costs more to manufacture than either of the aforesaid machines.

Its construction is simple, positive and durable.

Its workmanship is unsurpassed.

Do not buy any other before trying the White.

Fires and Terms Made satisfactory.

### AGENTS WANTED!!

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

CLEVELAND, O.

### MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE.

SO CLOSELY MADE AND ACCURATE

GRADUATED CALIBERS.

THE BEST RIFLE. Come, Supper him now.

Ballard, Powers and Hayes

# The Avalanche.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

O. PALMER, Proprietor.

## BE STRONG.

BY JUDGE JOHN W. EDDY.

When temptation overtakes you,

And you feel inclined to forsake you,

"Quit yourselves like men, be strong!"

Dear not your infirm weakness,

When a duty calls,

Grapple with it bravely, promptly,

"Quit yourselves like men, be strong."

Be not懷iting cowards,

Do the right and fight the wrong,

God commands you to be strong.

In life's battle-march, all triumphs,

And all honors will belong

Unto those who have been steadfast,

And heroically strong.

Trust and fear not; God, beside you,

Will defend you in the throng,

And in the strength, you are strong.

When fate gives you holy courage,

Then you know you are strong.

Life will prove a heavenward voyage,

And its end will be a song.

## FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK.

BY M. A. B.

"I wish I could do something to earn some money," sighed pretty Flossie Templeton, as she looked idly out of the window. "Here I am, 19 years old, six other children younger than I, and no one to work for us all but poor father. I really am ashamed of myself. But what can I do? I attended Woodbury Seminary for more than two years, but, for all that, I don't know enough to teach school. I can't teach music; all I can play is a few polkas and waltzes. I can't even do fancy work for sale. The only thing I am good for is to do house-work, and mamma would faint if I should ever so much as mention going away to work in somebody's kitchen."

Her mournful soliloquy was interrupted by her little sister, who came into the room bringing a letter.

"Is that for me, Mama?" asked "Yes," answered the little girl, referring herself to a hug of sisterly affection.

"Why, it's from my old room-mate at Woodbury Seminary, and hastily tears it open. Flossie was soon lost in the letter contained the information that her old school friend was now living in a town only five miles distant, and that she was going away that afternoon to make a visit of several months.

But one part of the letter was more interesting to Flossie, than any other. The writer asked if Flossie knew of any good girl whom her mother could get to do general housework. Hired help was scarce in the town, and her mother would be willing to pay a good girl four dollars a week.

Flossie read this part over two or three times, and a plan matured itself in her busy brain.

"Why couldn't I go and work for them?" she thought, "and earn four dollars a week? I have no friends in Freeport except Ida herself, and she went away the day this letter was written. I can pretend to mamma that I am going to visit the Conard family for a summer vacation and work for them. The very thing!"

A smile lit up the face of our young girl, showing the sweet little dimples in chin and cheek, and making her irresistibly charming.

She went to her room and put the letter away; then lifting the lid of her trunk, she took from a box a picture in a small case, and gazed at it long and earnestly.

"I don't know what Norman Erlington would say if he knew of my working as a servant," she thought, "but really there is nothing else I can do. I am ashamed to stay at home and be a burden to my father. Of course I do most of the work, but then mamma and the little girls can do it well enough when I am gone. Well, it isn't likely I'll see Norman again, so it doesn't make much difference what he would think."

Norman Erlington, whose picture she loquaciously had spent the previous summer visiting relatives in the town. He had paid more attention to Flossie than to any of the other village belles, and, as he was handsome and stylish, it is no wonder the heart of our little maiden was touched. On going away, he had asked permission to write to her, but as she had never received any letters she came to the conclusion that he had forgotten her.

The next morning Flossie told her mother that she wanted to go to Freeport to stay a month or two.

"I received a letter from Ida Copeland yesterday, and you know I have never been away to visit since I came home from school over a year ago."

"I wish you could go," said Mrs. Templeton, a faded woman who still seemed to be making an effort to be fashionable, "but you have no clothes fit. Is your friend very stylish?"

"She didn't use to be," answered Flossie, sadly.

"Well, if you think your clothes will do, I will be glad to have you go. Perhaps you will have an opportunity to see some good society there. I would like to get you a new dress, but your father's salary is so small, and the children wear out so many shoes that—"

"O, never mind, momma; I'll do very well," and, singing gayly, Flossie ran off to pack her trunk.

The next day, when the daughter parted with her mother at the depot, she said:

"Now, mamma, don't expect me to write to you while I am away, for you know I detest letter-writing."

"Very well, my dear. Have as good a time as you can," and, with a loving kiss, they parted.

"Poor mamma!" thought Flossie, as she sped on its way. "Wouldn't she be horrified if she knew I am going to apply for a place in Mrs. Copeland's kitchen!"

In a few minutes the town of Freeport was reached, and the young girl stood looking around her in a rather bewildered way. The first thing she did was to ask a man standing near the way to Mrs. Copeland's residence. As the town was a small one, he was able to give her minute directions. Bowing her thanks, she started on a brisk walk for the designated place.

On reaching the house, which was a fine brick one, she was about to ascend the steps and ring the bell, but recollecting herself, was hurried to the side door. In answer to her timid knock a lady came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Copeland in?" inquired Flossie.

"I am Mrs. Copeland," the lady merrily replied. "Won't you come in?"

"I heard that you wanted a girl to do general housework, so I came to see if I could get the place," said Flossie, flushing deeply.

"How did you know I wanted to engage a girl?" asked Mrs. Copeland.

"I learned of it through your daughter's letter to Miss Templeton."

"O, then you are a girl. Miss Templeton sent? Very well, it is all right. I suppose you can do all kinds of work?"

"Yes, ma'am; I think so."

"What is your name?"

"Rachel Ray."

After a few more questions, all of which Flossie answered satisfactorily, Mrs. Copeland engaged her for a month.

The room to which she was afterward shown was neat and clean, but rather poor in its appointments, and Flossie thought, with a regretful sigh, of her own pleasant room at home. "I almost wish I hadn't come," she sighed, as she descended the stairs.

Mrs. Copeland was so kind and pleasant in her instructions, and her new girl was so quick to understand, that they were mutually pleased. Work was no hardship for Flossie, for she had been accustomed to it from her earliest infancy; besides the family at this time was small, consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Copeland.

Mrs. Copeland was rather reserved, so Flossie did not learn much about the family affairs, although she always listened eagerly whenever Ida's name was mentioned. From what was said, however, she could see that the mother loved her daughter as few daughters are loved.

One day when her mistress was away, Flossie, having finished her work, wandered into the parlor. Seating herself at the grand piano, she ran over the keys with her little toll-harden hands. Presently the random notes resolved themselves into one of her favorite waltzes. Growing tired at last, she rose up, and began to examine the articles on a table near.

The chief attraction was a beautifully colored photograph of Ida.

"How beautiful she is!" murmured the little servant gazing at the sweet face. "But then she always was lovely. Who does her face remind me of? Some one I know, but I can't think who. I wonder if I am half as pretty as she is."

For answer she turns to the mirror, in which she can see herself from head to foot.

"She is a real beauty, without question," dimpled brown hair, combed in fluffy "bangs" over the forehead; shell-like ears, and a little retrousse nose; a fair, girlish face, which yet I could not have seen without wanting to kiss."

The door was pushed a little ajar, and a young man stood looking at the pretty picture. Gradually his look of admiration turned to one of astonishment. Advancing into the room, he advanced, holding up both hands.

"Why, Flossie Templeton, how glad I am to see you! I came in softly, in order to surprise my mother, but I never thought of seeing you here."

At his first word Flossie had run away from the mirror, mortified beyond expression.

"Oh, Mr. Erlington! what must you think of me, seeing me standing, looking at myself! You must think me very silly," she cried, her face all red.

That you made the prettiest picture I ever saw. If I were half as pretty as you, I would look at myself all the time," said Norman gallantly.

An awkward little pause ensues. Flossie is greatly disturbed by the thought of her position in the house, and Norman, for the first time noticing her "ecliptic" dress and big gingham apron, is surprised to find her so strangely dressed.

"I must go to the kitchen," said Flossie, by a great effort breaking the silence. "I ought not to be in here at all. I am Mrs. Copeland's servant."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished Norman. "Surely you are not working for my mother?"

"If Mrs. Copeland is your mother, I most certainly am. I have often heard her speak of her daughter, but I never heard her mention you.

Seeing Norman still looked incredulously, she wanted to earn some money for myself, so when Ida Copeland, who was my dearest school friend, wrote and asked me to tell them of some good girl to do general housework, I said

"I am working to earn money. Your mother pays me \$1 a week, and I think I ear, it every cent."

Just at this point in the conversation the street door was opened, and Flossie, pausing long enough to say, "Do not tell who I am," hurried off to the kitchen.

After this first encounter the young girl saw very little of Norman, but when he happened to meet her he always spoke kindly and respectfully to her. He had not been at home for a long time, so his mother and stepfather were overjoyed to have him with them again. It was evident to Flossie that he had kept her secret, for Mrs. Copeland treated her in the usual manner.

Norman was a great favorite in the town. A number of parties were given in his honor, and soon he was involved in a constant round of gayety.

Never had Flossie's world been so dis-tasteful to her as it now was. The days seemed as if they would never drag their weary length along, and her tears often mingled with the dainty dishes which she concocted to please Norman's fastidious appetite.

One night there is to be a grand ball at the home of one of the leaders of fashion, and, of course, the Coplands are invited.

At the proper time Norman starts for the ball-room with his parents, but, on the plea of having forgotten something, returns to the house.

Coming straight to the kitchen, he finds Flossie seated on a low chair, peeling apples. "As her back is turned to me,"

she does not observe his quiet entrance. Walking stealthily up behind her, he places both hands over her eyes and cries, "Who is it?"

"I should say it was Mr. Norman," drawls Flossie, as he turns to her.

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AN APPRENTICE.

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

The St. Petersburg government is said to be so eager for a conflict that peace can only be preserved by a humiliating surrender on the part of the British.

The Russians are keeping their preparations very secret. Contacts have been made with ship-owners to carry troops across the Caspian Sea. The Russian railroad across Turkistan, from Kizil-Arat to Askabad, is almost finished. The section to Merk will be at once begun.

It is reported that an additional force of 20,000 men will be sent to the Caucasus, the Black Sea, and the Donets.

The English are preparing to repel an invasion from the north.

The French are sending troops to the Rhine.

The Germans are sending troops to the Rhine.

The Austrians are sending troops to the Danube.

The Prussians are sending troops to the Elbe.

The Belgians are sending troops to the Scheldt.

The Dutch are sending troops to the Rhine.

The Swiss are sending troops to the Rhine.



